

old tall dry sunflowers
dog lying on the brown lawn
squinting

on its side
what's left of a bottle of wine
in the fridge

WHEN I LEAVE HERE

i consider what
i'll take with me
when i leave here,
and exactly what
i'll leave behind
or sell, and from
the looks of it
there won't be
much that'll go.
after all there
isn't that much
room in my car to
begin with. the
small oak coffee
table i won't take,
although i've always
liked it.
the table and chairs
won't go, which is
unfortunate since
the chairs were
given to me as a
wedding present
by my sister, and
the table is another
piece of oak i've
become very attached
to. the bed's not
mine; the other chairs
aren't mine;
the sofa belongs
to s. really,
all i see myself
leaving with is
the stereo. then

there are some
books, clothes,
and of course my
typewriter and
some useless
manuscripts.
the huge abstract
painting i can
store somewhere.
i don't want to
give that up since
it certainly is a
fine painting.
and then there are
the two black iron
frying pans. those
i must take, as
insane as that might
sound. they symbolize
my domestic side.

AGAINST THE WORLD

i tell her i have to
be the one sleeping
on the outside
since i'm the
first line of
defense